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## Pertelote | Vol 1, No 1

Jacksonville State University

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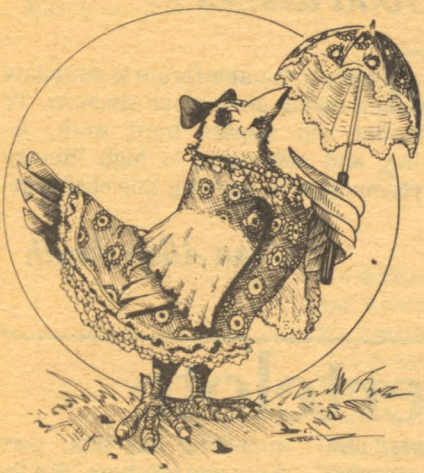
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# PERTELOTE

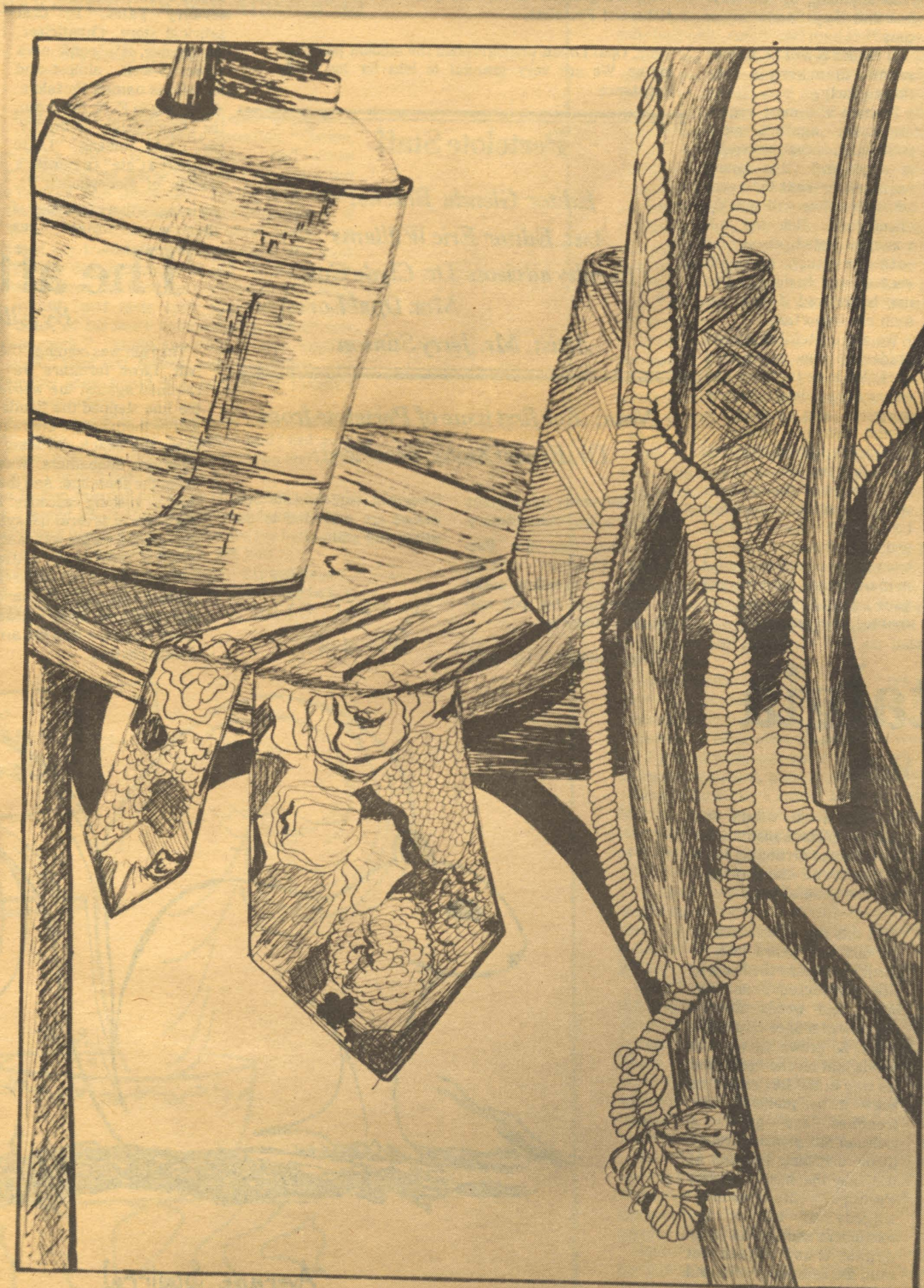
*A Creative Supplement*



VOL. 1 NO. 1

JACKSONVILLE STATE UNIVERSITY

March 27, 1979





# PERTELOTE



PERTELOTE is published by Jacksonville State University, through the Department of English, several times annually. Publication frequency is dependent upon submissions and funding.

## Pertelote policy

The creative works in this publication represent the efforts of Jacksonville State University students, all of whom are enrolled full-time this semester. Pertelote is restricted to students because we believe that in a student publication, students should not have to compete with professionals. We chose to publish in tabloid form for three reasons, reasons we are convinced are substantial:

1) Student writing can be placed readily in the hands of approximately six thousand readers, on and off campus. The Chanticleer now has a long mailing list which includes the names of many prominent persons throughout the southeast.

2) Students will not have to face the time-consuming, frustrating, and sometimes humiliating business of trying to sell books. Artists, after all, have little enough time for their art; they don't need to have to hawk their products too. Too, they are spared the excruciating experience of having

relatives who may never read anything, by the way, feel that they "must buy a copy."

3) Students will be able to submit manuscripts four times yearly.

Perhaps the most cogent argument against such publication is that newsprint is ephemeral; that bound work can be kept for years while Pertelote will quickly disintegrate. But the advantages listed above far outweigh such a disadvantage and besides, items may be xeroxed, if copies, as such are important.

We are grateful to all the students who submitted work. We hope that they will encourage readers to browse Pertelote and, indeed, to submit their own efforts.

Please remember that this is our first try. We are proud of it, proud of the students who were patient enough and bold enough to come forward and submit copy. But we know that it can be improved in many ways. We welcome your criticism--and, of course, your praise!

## Nostalgia

By Ella Melton

On the day my explorer post first visited the abandoned fort, we made plans to clean it up and restore the grounds. Actually, the fort itself was gone, but the deep trenches, family relics, and burial grounds still remained. A commemorative stone stood in the middle, where the fort had once stood. It was put there in 1913 by the Alabama Anthropology Society. The fort site is located high on a bluff, that looms above the Tallapoosa River, near Tallassee, Alabama. The whole area is rich in Creek Indian lore.

My post spent several weekends chopping vines, cutting limbs, and clearing brush around the site. We smoothed a path for visitors to use in enjoying this quaint speck of American history,

set deep in the woods. Our task complete, a month later we set about arranging tours of this site for clubs, groups, and the general public.

On this my return visit to the fort four years later, I hardly recognize the historic site. Neglected branches, limbs, and weeds obscure my view of a once important place. So grown up are the woods that no one could find his way to the fort unless he knew it by memory. The trenches are gone. A railroad has plowed through them, thrusting mounds of dirt into the historic holes. Perhaps, the saddest tragedy of all is the monument once proud in its domain. It now sits ten feet from the railroad tracks and mournfully watches as civilization passes by.

## Art credits

### COVER PICTURE:

This ink drawing was done by Carrie Mayo, a sophomore art major from Anniston, Alabama.

The two last page illustrations were also done by art majors. Charles Orlofsky drew the penciled still life. Charles is a freshman from Shennandoah, Pennsylvania.

The portrait was drawn by Linda Berth, a sophomore from Anniston, Alabama.

All the variations of squirrels were done by Yvonne Nydegger. Yvonne is from Switzerland and lives at J.S.U.'s International House.

We are grateful to Mr. Jerry Stinson for his fine picture of Pertelote.

Mr. Opal Lovett photographed the student paintings for us. We are very grateful to him for his ready assistance.

### Pertelote Staff

Editor Glenda Bracket

Asst. Editor Eric Williams

Faculty advisors Dr. Clyde Cox

Mrs. Opal Lovett

Artist Mr. Jerry Stinson

**Note: For first issue of Pertelote from Dr. Ernest Stone, president:**

Our university has a great need for a first class literary publication like the Pertelote. Creative writing provides an excellent outlet of expression for our outstanding students.

Congratulations on your

inaugural issue--and our best wishes are extended to the editor and staff.

*Ernest Stone*  
President

## Good wishes

The Pertelote can become a valuable forum to stimulate creativity and critical thinking among our students. To achieve your potential will require hard work, intellectual discipline, and adherence to high literary standards. I wish you success in meeting this challenge.

Dean Allen Smith

## Pertelote

The name Pertelote, like the name Chanticleer, comes from a mock epic. We associate it most often with Chaucer, our first great English poet, and his Nun's Priest's Tale in The Canterbury Tales. In that satirical story, Chanticleer, the rooster, is a game cock supreme--well, almost--and his wife is named Pertelote. According to F. N. Robinson, the Chaucerian authority, the name means "Little Feathered Cate" (a rooster's version of Honeybunch"?)

An imaginative etymology of the word might run

something like this: pette- doom and lot-share. She then would become Chanticleer's Eve--woman again as author of the Fall, source of man's great and everlasting misery.

In the tale, Chaucer has grand fun making fun of many things, among them courtly love, pomposity generally and male ego in particular. We thought that since the creative writing publication would be issued with The Chanticleer, Pertelote would be a fitting name for it.

## The aftermath

By Ella Melton

The rain was coming. The wind bent the trees almost in half. Lawn furniture was blown about the yards and rammed against the wooden fences. Clothes hanging on the line slapped the hands and faces of those trying to gather them before the rain began. Sand blew in torrents along the beach, invading the eyes and mouths of the scurrying sunbathers. Waves swept shore and crashed along the shoreline. And then, the rain fell. It pounded the sand in gushing cascades. Instant puddles formed in the dog holes of several backyards. For a quarter of an hour the rain fell on the soft sand, as well as on the hot asphalt street in front of the cottages.

Then the rain left as quickly as it had come, leaving the asphalt steaming, the sand thick as syrup. Sunbathers emerged from their cottages like moles from burrows. Lawn furniture was set aright. And the day resumed its steady rhythm.



Average Squirrel



# Dreams

By Chuck Avery

We walked on moon beams  
and held the stars in our hands.  
We captured sunshine in a jar  
And dreamed beautiful dreams.  
But where are those dreams today?  
They have slipped away  
Like the sunshine  
And your love with time.

## An anecdote by Claude, the cliché

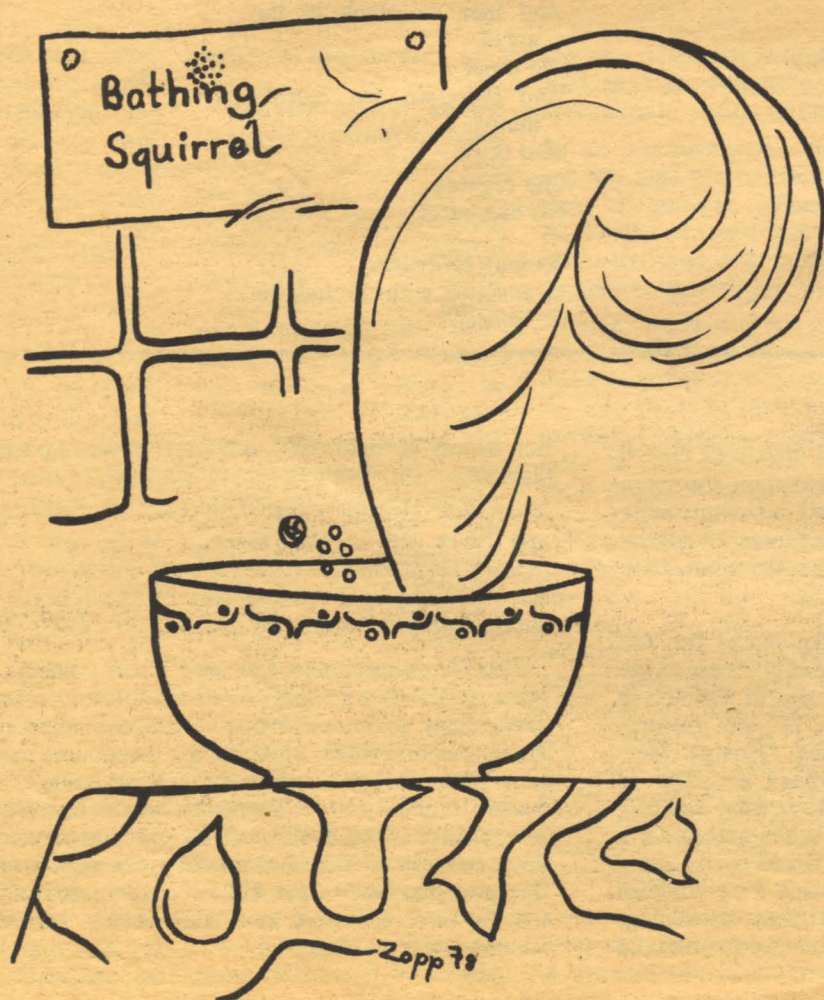
By Ella Melton

"Uh-oh, here comes Claude," said Nelson the noun.  
"Who?" asked Paul the perplexed preposition. "Claude, the cliché, that's who!" replied Nelson. "He'll come swishing over here to our paragraphs and sentences and attempt to destroy their meanings." By the time Nelson had said this, Claude had approached the two parts of speech. "Hello," said Claude, "how about letting me insert a few of my tried, but true, expressions into your writing?" Claude then proceeded to sell his clichés. He remarked that Nelson and Paul were looking fit as fiddles, and they should feast their eyes upon his exquisite collection. Some of his more reasonably priced clichés were: "full as a tick," "smart as a whip," and "raining cats and dogs." Paul and Nelson began to fidget nervously, knowing they would buy because of Claude's powerful persuasiveness.

Claude went on to recite higher-priced color sayings: "green with envy," "white as a sheet," and "red as a beet." His most expensive sayings were "down and out," "loyal as dog," and "peace of mind."

Paul and Nelson selected one color cliché, even though they knew it would lessen the originality of their writing. Claude, expecting to sell more, "transacted his business" and "stormed off," "madder than a wet hen."

"I hope he stays away for a long time," sighed Nelson.  
"Me too," said Paul, "but in the meanwhile, we better keep our eyes peeled for him."



## Tom, Horace, and the mountain lion

By Andrew Kellett

I was a little scooter, no more than eleven when Horace and I went and visited old man Greeley. Horace is my younger brother. He was shorter, fatter, much more round, and a year and a half younger. Old man Greeley was the scariest man to children of any man in the small hamlet in which I was raised. He had a reputation for terrifying kinds so I felt doubly proud when he invited me to come over one day. Horace just had to tag along.

I had heard Greeley spin a yarn or two when he was talking to my father late one night (when I was supposed to be asleep). I was scared to death and loved every minute of it. That's why I wanted to hear more. I decided to start just before dark so Horace would get too scared to go, but he got brave at the last minute and tagged along. We hurried, trying to beat the darkness, covering the four mile long hilly, curvy, dirt road at a fast pace.

After we arrived, Greeley pulled up three chairs and quickly got to the task before him. He had soon woven my brother an awful tale of mystery and terror, and we were quaking. The story was one of horror, about an enlarged man-eating mountain lion who stalked his victims from behind eyes glowing, patiently following in the black night until he pounced. In the end, Greeley hinted that the mountain lion also loved chickens, and I recalled a nearby henhouse that had recently been raided.

Greeley made us both feel better after he finished by serving some very strong coffee to us in tin cups. I was feeling less edgy until he hollered, "BOO!" and my coffee splashed on the ceiling. Horace looked sick but got his color back soon enough. We excused ourselves and headed out the door.

Much to my distress it was already dark outside. I did not look forward to traveling that road home but I knew what awaited me if I didn't make my way home as straight as an arrow. Horace stuck by me like crumbs to a jelly covered mouth. We were as jumpy and nervous as two wildcats on a fence-post. As we topped the first hill we began to hear and see things which only existed in our imaginations, still they were plenty real enough to us. If I was scared, Horace was petrified. He imagined glowing eyes behing every tree, bush, and big rock alongside the road.

Trudging nervously up the second big hill, we heard a rustling, scrambling type noise coming from a deep ditch back down the hill. We stopped in the road, and peeped over our shoulders, dreading the consequences. There was a dark form emerging on the road behind us, half shadow and half nightmare, and our hearts lept towards our throats.

Horace muttered, as if in pain, "It's him, we're done for!" As I zoomed over the second hill, I heard Horace's labored breathing a little behind me though I judged we were at least fifteen feet apart. Before we crested the next hill I looked back and saw a long, dark, menacing form loping along behind, gaining steadily in a deadly way.

Horace must have looked back too, for he passed me halfway down the hill, short body working, stubby legs blurred by their unbelievable motion. He was making over forty miles an hour and gaining all the time. I tried to catch up but Horace soon moved out of sight.

I cleared the third hill between me and home when "it" caught up with me. It was nothing more than a large dog. Well, my heart finally started slowing down after I collapsed in the middle of the road. The dog came up, licking my face and whining, being friendly.

When I began to draw a normal breath at last, I called that dog in the friendliest voice I could scrape together. He came without hesitation, joy abounding in his heart. I latched onto his collar and led him to the side of the road where I proceeded to thrash him with the biggest stick I could find until he jerked loose from my grasp. His sorrowful howl diminished, and he was only a blur in the light of the freshly rising moon as he gathered his speed towards the way he had come.

Horace, I was sure, arrived home mere seconds after leaving my sight. I had only seen him briefly after he had flown past, the dust from his flying heels nearly choking me as I followed in his wake. I was mad at Horace for leaving me, and I was in a rage when I got home.

Horace was holding the screen door open calling, "Tom are you alive?" in the most mournful voice I ever heard. When I got to the porch he let out a sigh of relief and sprang to my side in gladness.

We never ever went to see old man Greeley again.



## Dejection

By Susan Stephenson

Quiet heads bend achingly over white pages as pencils furiously scratch memories onto paper before they are lost. Now pencils tap shaking heads as the owners seek to dislodge that stubborn concept that swings on a lobe, jeering.

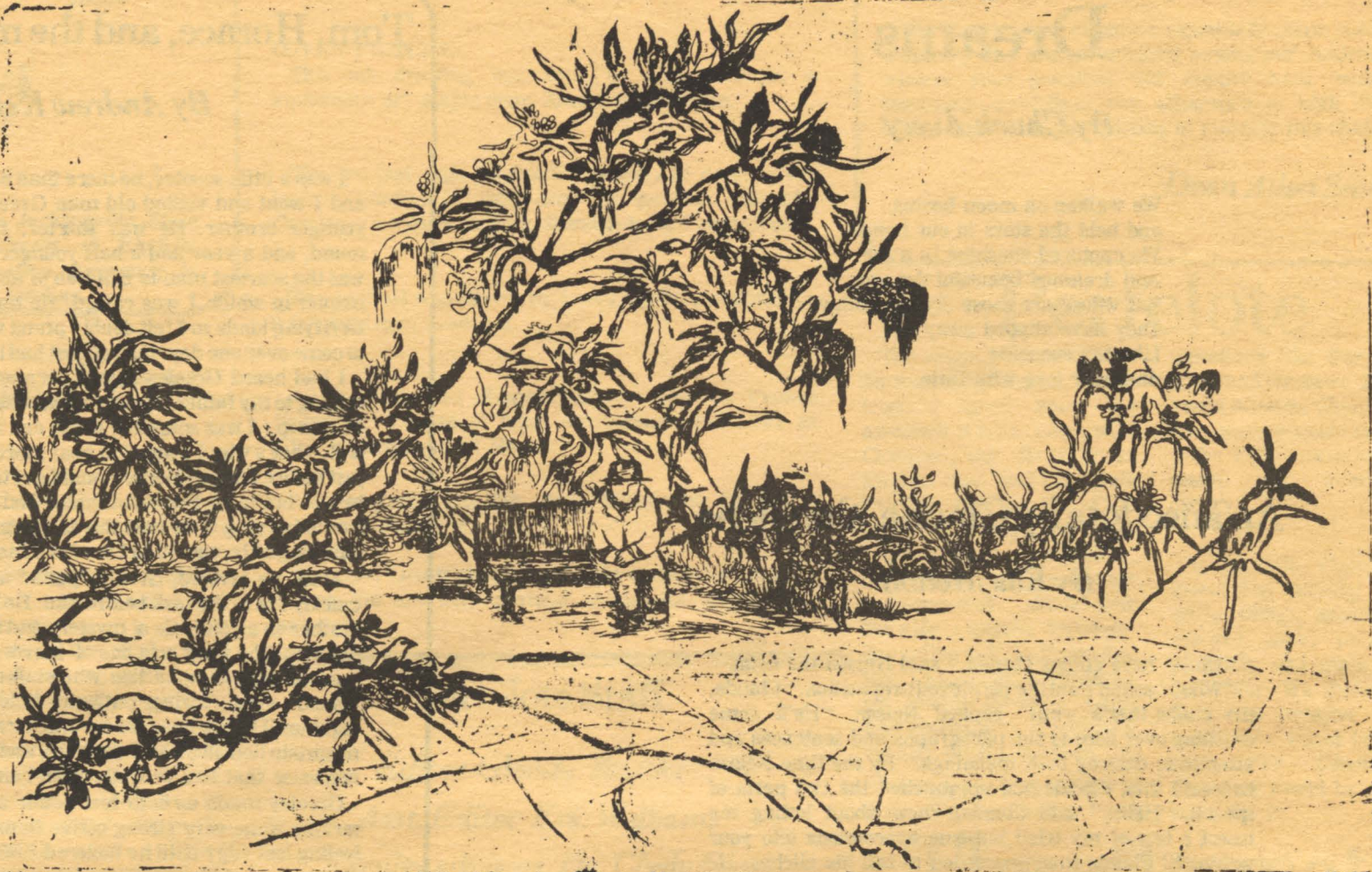
Frowns crease worried faces but are suddenly erased by the unexpected liberation of a forgotten word, captured the sleepy night before. Far regions of darkest space are scoured for the escaping dates and names. Where the hell are they? Brains are contorted in the hopes that the exact phrase needed will rise to the surface. As the seconds tick away more and more rapidly, there is a flurry of activity as something—anything is written before time is called—sounds close, maybe this, not that, check this and it's over. "Your time is up." Dejection sits heavily on weary bodies as they leave the room, completely drained.

## Cremetwirls

By Susan Stephenson

A creme swirl from Winn-Dixie is a work of art. Even hidden away on cold steel shelves under glaring lights, its delicate beauty is apparent. Once home, shorn of its cold plastic cocoon, the gentle, spiraling lines of its long, tapering form are visible. Light, flaky pastry carefully encircles the luscious cream.

This beauty is sadly short-lived. The cream oozes out with each bite, as the delicate protective walls are ripped apart by unfeeling teeth. Slowly the deliciously lovely creation is destroyed for the temporary satisfaction of an always demanding appetite. With the last bite, cream and pastry explode into a mouthful of pleasure.



## Garden of thoughts

The world is here  
And we see  
from time to time  
Something  
Never much  
But all the same  
Something

The world is here  
And we think  
from time to time  
Something  
Never much  
But all the same  
Something

We see  
And then we think of the  
world  
We think  
And then we see certain  
things  
And thus  
One creates  
His own reality

Yvonne Nydegger  
(translated with the help of  
D. Benson)

## Jardin des songes

Les choses sont la  
Et nous voyons  
par-a, par-la

Quelque chose  
Jamai's beaucoup  
Mais tout de meme  
Anelque chose

Les choses sont la  
Et nous pensons  
par-a, par-la  
Quelque chose  
Jamais beaucoup  
Mais tout de meme  
Quelque chose

Nous voyons  
Puis pensons aue choses  
Nous pensons  
Puis voyons des choses  
Enfin  
Chacun pense sa realite  
Er voit en consequence

Yvonne Nydegger

## Old company town

## Praco

By Cindy Wallace

Praco is an old company town. The railroad track divides its two dozen straggly houses into two camps, poor and poorer. Age, though, has erased the division; the houses are uniform in their splintered clapboards, sooted with several generations of coal dust. The town's tallest structure is the coal washer leaning sharply over the tracks. Birds nest there now, and, along with the rats, stand guard over the washer's gradual decline into rusty oblivion. Coal for the washer never came from the mine

portal on the hillside; it was drowned and dead almost before Praco began. 'Coons and 'possums mine the seam now, disturbed only by the occasional adventuresome twelve-year-old with his bird dog. The settlement's source of life, its reason for being, is contained in the squat, dirty red-brick company store.

Praco's company store could be the model for any company store in any company town in any corner of the universe. The store is the town, the site of neighborly conversation, the outworn symbol of the miners' obligations to the company. "Praco General Merchandise" is stocked with an eye toward economy of space. It overflows with overalls and chewing tobacco, bolts of cloth and bags of sugar, pickaxes and miner's lamps. At the center of the store, the floors opens into a square black hole. Harried mothers yank their children away from the sweet mystery of that beckoning, barrierless pit. A steep flight of steps leads down and the

rich aroma of cigars and new money rises up from the blackness. On Fridays, fresh-scrubbed miners from Marylee or Maxine or Segco descend into that smoky pit and return with precious tonnage. At the bottom of that mysterious rabbit hole is the company office where, in the old days, checks were changed for script and where, today, checks are traded for fresh hundred dollar bills.

With the miners gone, the store closes and the house lights flicker and go out, allowing the town to sink into warm dusty darkness. Praco never grew like its more prosperous neighbors, Sipsey to the north and Empire to the east. Its schools, white and colored alike, are long closed. Its pointy-roofed company houses are gradually falling apart. Soon it will close up and fade back into the black, scarred hillside that produced its only livelihood. The 'possums and 'coons will have warm housing then, and the birds will nest in a snug shelter beneath the "General Merchandise."



# The four worlds of lovers

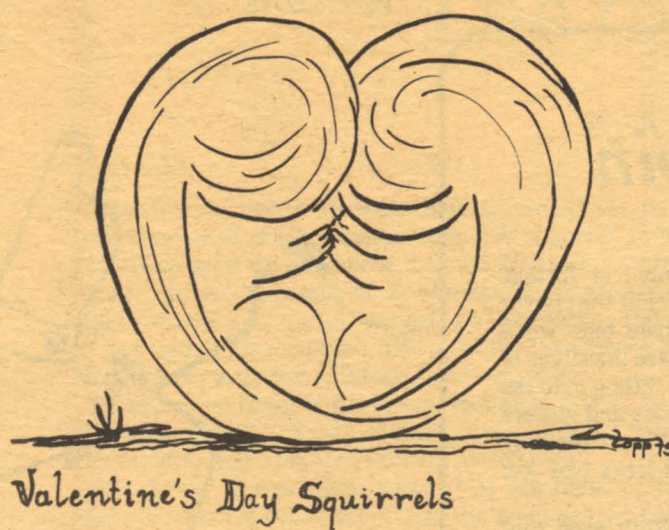
By Jana M. Moon

Spring sings in the air.  
Life is so full and fair.  
Wonder is in our every step.  
Love is not yet in depth.  
Passion consumes and rules,  
Yet this love only fools.  
We love our golden dreams.  
Our love is not a unified beam.  
We live for our own preservation  
With only a flicker of deep emotion.  
But on the horizon I see Summer...

Summer sits elegantly on her throne.  
Life has changed to a steadfast tone.  
The impetuosity of Spring is gone.  
I now live not for myself alone.  
In my every action I think of him.  
Our hope remains completely undimmed.  
We now share our lives, goals and dreams.  
Our love is now a unified beam.  
We live for each other's preservation.  
With a continuous stream of deep emotion.  
But on the horizon I see Fall...

Fall laughs ironically.  
Life is now a troubled sea.  
The simplicity of Summer is gone.  
We each feel isolated and alone.  
In my every action I think of him,  
But our life is like a clouded gem  
Somewhere we detoured from our goals and dreams.  
Our love is now a diversified beam.  
We have forgotten our own self preservation,  
Living with continuous searing emotions.  
But on the horizon I see Winter.

Winter stares coldly and starkly.  
Life is now a barren sea.  
We both feel incredibly old.  
Our life together has taken a different mold.  
In my very action I think of him.  
Out hope in life has now dimmed.  
We must learn again to share goals and dreams,  
In order to make our life again a unified beam.  
And again live for each other's and self's preservation.  
With a continuous flow of deep emotion.  
But on the horizon I see hope, I see Spring...



# The Wind

By Jana M. Moon

The wind, a melancholy sound,  
A lovely musical pattern found.  
Sorrowfully crying over the seas,  
So softly blowing through the trees.  
Echoing a tale of grief and woe  
As the tempest wildly rolls.  
It whispers a tale of serenity  
As it gently rustles through the trees.

When heaviness fills the heart  
And there's nowhere for griefs to part,  
Step out and survey the awesome wind  
And let it far away your troubles send.  
Let it heal your heart's deep rent  
And praise God for this peace He sent  
To make your spirit lose its bent.  
Yes, thank Him for what He sent.

# Why I must be going?

By R.K. Woods

And why must I be going, you say?  
Well, it's for a number of reasons.  
Lately, I have heard the voices of many waters, from afar,  
calling out to me, saying,  
"Come, sit at our shores and suppose."  
Suppose what? Just what, I can't tell, now.

I have seen the stars changing positions  
on their endless journey across the boundless sky,  
and those that have gone into a convenient season  
beckon to me to come and see how it is,  
there,  
where they are.

The blackbirds have begun yet another migration,  
and though they seem to follow mindlessly, they go.  
And return again.

I have heard the crickets say something to each other  
Concerning their coming rest.  
But for me,  
There is no rest.

And just last night, the road was telling me  
to come down it a little ways,  
And see what lies behind this hill,  
or beyond that curve, or across a field,  
or past the horizon by a million miles.

Yes, the thundrous commotion of a thousand silent  
moments  
has erupted within my soul,  
like some violent volcano,  
and pleads, begs, urges me  
to go and find myself.

Away, into the night  
a lonesome train whistles down its track  
toward some remote, distant goal,  
and that's where  
and that's why  
I must be going.

# Football and other obsessions

By Chris Madrid

I remember that after Momma's eldest had finally negotiated orientation and registration, he was then offered a seat and a warning as to the ways of the world. Beware of goodies that'll zap him beyond Alpha Centauri, of the Dixie blonds who'll pump up his blood pressure with barely a smile and invitation to "party hearty." If, I was told, one were able to tread a path amid vices, their temptations, trials and finals, he'll have matured and learned wisdom, or the best connections.

Wild weed, Marilyn Monroe and fraternity blasts haven't been too much of a worry. Not that I've the fortitude of Nathan Hale, mind you, I've just managed to ally myself with folks of similar, if not the same, archaic ideals. So maybe I am a prude, but my mind has grown rather fond of earth, nor have I had trouble with the ladies (a somewhat frustrating accomplishment) and have yet to wake up hugging an

American Standard.

Now, the anxiety caused by abstaining from the finer, more sophisticated pleasures is naught as compared to my expanding consciousness. A painful discovery is thinking yourself normal for 4 years, only to find that being 5'10" tall and carrying 165 pounds isn't nearly as average as the Bureau of Statistics would have us believe. I'll concede this to be trivia, for which psychology majors will turn to Father Freud and find some sexually-oriented maladjustment deep within. But, there is a complaint-that government agency's fraudulent claim has caused me some jarring discomfort.

Tossing options about, discarding some and then choosing among them, so that a moral good might be achieved is one thing, but not nearly as mind-boggling as a pick-up game of football. I've pitted myself against some critters, I've actually

had to circumnavigate, thinking all the while we were approximate equals in size.

As an afternoon wears thin and my legs tire of leaping clear of heaving, grinning Big Feet, I've found that my playmates loom ever larger. Exchange greetings with Death a couple of times and see if you don't want to clear up some murky details, such as 'Just how big are you, anyways?' And, then, know piety as you calculate the mean weight of all to be 190.

It's been said that a good little man can beat a big man any day of the week. Perhaps, IF he's a 4.4 sprinter, IF he routinely dunks a basketball and IF he possesses the disposition of Billy Martin. So just what does that leave me with, when I run myself into a one-on-one with Joe Greene's big brother? I'm not fletted; I'm not even Italian.

I have to decide which I enjoy more; snagging a pass in the clutches of an irate,

groveling behemoth or trying to stop him once his teammates have got him rolling. The former collision only results in temporary paralysis, the latter, is my mimicking and superball. Both hurt.

Americans are supposed to have tailor fitted this sport to their predatory instincts. This, I do not doubt. It's not that I don't appreciate the games semi-controlled and precise mayhem. I do. Just as well as Brother Bob, Uncle Jake and Pop. But, the fact stands that I've never worn pads in my life.

I've been true to myself and, therefore, expect to reap the assured benefits of idealism. Maybe just maybe wisdom was once mine-in my earlier years. Then, I'm sure I'd have recognized my masochistic, if not, suicidal, tendencies. As it is, I now do strange things like chase ex-wide receivers around, who are but a year out of helmet, cleats and weight room.

# Too much

By James Payton

Poor  
Old Lear  
Drunk much  
More beer  
Than his liver  
Could bear  
And now  
His widow  
Sheds many  
A tear  
For Poor  
Old Lear.

# The barber

By James Payton

The barber  
With shears  
In hand  
Will clip  
And trim  
Your hair  
But watch out  
For your ears.



## Inside a backwoods cabin

By Linda Lee

The cabin is musty inside, with the smell of rotting clothes and books permeating the air. A chill that never goes away turns the skin on my arms pale blue while goose bumps crowd each other, and I can see the silver of snow through the cracks between the logs. Sifting onto the floor is silver dust; magic dust that sparkles and glitters in the dull kerosene light. Clean and pure. When I stick my finger into one of these frozen mounds it looks like wet sugar melting against my warm flesh.

There is a big radio in the corner made from wood with gold lace covering the front. Somewhere in its rounded middle a man is singing something very sad. Over the radio is a boxlike window. No curtains. From the window I can see the cold white mountains reflecting the moon in patches of light.

The bare floors creak and grumble when I walk across them. In the kitchen is linoleum scattered with pink roses and vines. It is cracking to fit the boards underneath. Here and there it's worn through and I can see the white boards protruding. Crouching in the center of the kitchen is a woodburning stove that we use for cooking. Around the burners on top it turns red and makes the pot of bubbling beans wobble back and forth. When it wobbles fast enough some of the brown juice spills onto the burner, hopping until it's all gone. It makes such a pretty dance!

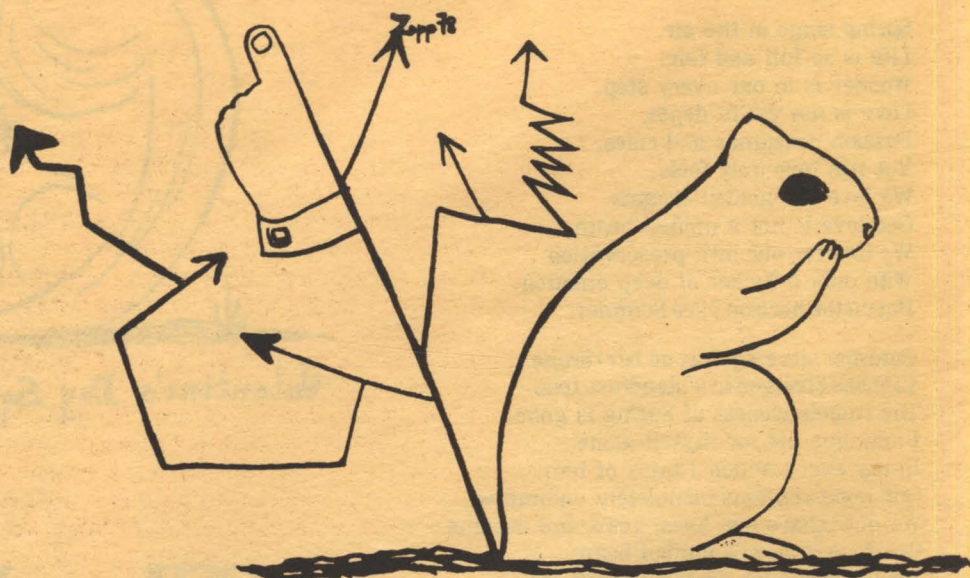
I take bowls from an enameled hutch. The hutch is chipped and stained with smoke. Fingerprints crowd the many knobs and scattered through the drawers and shelves is proof that mice live here also.

While I eat the dark brown lumps I notice high on a shelf a book I hid there last summer. The Robe. When the grass was green, I found two four-leaf clovers and pressed them between those pages, close to each other like lovers.

Mama says to go to bed. I'm afraid of the dark, but I must take my sisters and go to my coffin of a room. It's so cold in here, for the door has been shut tight. Our small bed is rumpled with twisted blankets and a sheet. I arrange the bedding and tuck my baby sister at the head of the bed, and my little sister at the foot. I crawl in beside her and lay my face against the rancid pillow. Carefully I adjust my legs so that I don't touch the baby with my cold feet. Gradually the cold goes away and I feel my legs relaxing. Every night I look at the walls that partition my bedroom from the other. Reaching out I can touch the smoothness of the slabs. It feels like soapy skin. The eye like knots seem to stare back at me.

Above the baby's head is another small curtainless window. The moonbeams that light my bedroom carry microscopic lint that floats above my face. I make a game of blowing the lint into swirly patterns of smoke. Then the moonbeams disappear leaving a ghostly blue light on the shelf below the window. Reclining on the shelf is my doll. One side of her face is silver, and the other is black. Somewhere between the two I can see the pinkness of her mouth. Such a tiny mouth always open to a bottle.

In the left side of the window I can yet see the moon. It looks like an enormous white dinner plate. "Why do you look so still and cold up there when nothing can touch you, except thoughts and lonely searching eyes."



Traffic Squirrel

## Was that a rumor I heard?

By Linda Lee

I realized that it was going to be a long day when a too elegant woman bumped me out of line at the supermarket, and stood in my place wearing a triumphant smile. She had a bag of red delicious apples enveloped in her arm, and it was that particular arm that held my interest. I wanted to bite it. A simple nibble would only make her scream, but a real bone crusher would make her remember. Thinking about that bite made my molars grind in happy anticipation. I don't know if it was my withering glare, or the sound of the grinding that disturbed her. She turned and looked at me with a horrified expression and hurried away to another line.

When I pulled the car into my driveway, I saw several curtains flutter to frame inquiring faces. This could be explained by the fact that nothing exciting has happened here since the man two doors down went crazy. Of course that was six months ago, and everybody knew it was going to happen because old Jeannie Hinkley had died upstairs in a bedroom. She had said she would never leave it, and everyone felt that it was Jeannie's presence that drove Tom crazy. How she did this was anybody's guess.

My four dogs started cheering wildly from their pen as I carried twenty-five pounds of Purina up the front steps. "George!" Mrs. Wilson cried out across the street. "It's that long haired woman gettin' home. Heaven help us if she puts up any more strays. No telling what kind of diseases they got."

No telling what diseases they've got? How can she talk with twelve generations of her cats sneaking over my fence to lunch on chipmunks and squirrels. They wiped out a whole chipmunk colony in

one day. But people like to talk. Down the block lives a lady who always wears pink, and never married. (She saved herself for a red brick house and lace curtains.) "Oh, honey...I've lived here for ten years and never saw the basement to that house. It was built for a contractor's son you know."

I refused to let her see it. Let her imagine I have a corpse pickled in mason jars. Maybe I have a twelve foot boa constrictor who is fond of cats coiled around my hot water heater! Actually all that's there are some lawn chairs, tools, and a lot of dust. Dust isn't very interesting though. It would be such a disappointment.

Inside the clutter of my house an eight-day mantel clock is silent. It was forever ringing out the wrong hour, so there was no need to rewind it. Nor was there any need to remove the faded zinnias and marigolds from the blue ceramic vase just because they were dry and colorless. They belong in this neighborhood.

The evening turned dark without the aid of the clock ticking it away. And up and down the street heads lay on soft pillows dreaming easy dreams. I wasn't surprised to find out that some of those heads weren't sure that it was really my brother who was visiting me, and others were almost positive that I was going to sell my house and move up north somewhere.

I walked out to my front porch and felt the wind sift through my clothes. I tried to forget their hungry faces, and eyes, and hearts and become aware only of the wind that touches me. It didn't need to tear or take away. It didn't pry into my life to dissect my thoughts. Yet it reached out to me gently and found me waiting there.

## Higher Forms

By Terry Hampton

I am foreign to this planet and have been sent on a particular assignment: To observe two animals, the homo sapien and the canine, and determine which is the higher form of life. From my window I look out and see two dogs heading towards one another. As they meet, they stop and look and smell each other over carefully, apparently hoping to be able to recognize each other should they meet again.

Their mutual examination is frank and thorough. Following it, they separate, each "bent on his own urgent mission."

From my window I now see two human beings approaching each other. They draw abreast. They do not look at each other. They say nothing. They do not stop. They make no gestures but quickly walk by as if blind to one another.

I think about what I have seen: "Why, this experiment is an easy one! The dogs are obviously the higher order of life! They seem to care for one another. The human beings, on the other hand, lack compassion, are indifferent to one another." But, then, I mustn't trust my judgment. I'll feed this information into my computer, according to my instructions, and wait for its objective assessment.



# Never a tomorrow

By James Payton

I stand here  
Admidst  
This blood splattered  
Scene  
Holding in my arms  
The lifeless  
And battered  
Body of a child  
Who was killed  
During a moment  
Of fury  
So wild  
And tears  
Of sorrow  
Trickle down my face  
Like dew drops on a leaf  
For this child  
Who will  
Never have a tomorrow.

## I am sport

By Allen Clark

I am sport, I am god.  
I now stand above the  
crowd who before had sat  
above me.  
I am now standing on the  
pedastal that before was  
for only the few.  
I am sport. Now I am god.  
Worship me?

## Where we dwell

By Chuck Avery

We talk to each other  
But listen now and then.  
What are we doing,  
Listening and talking,  
Talking and listening,  
Or just talking?

I have listened to you  
For many many years  
And now I want to speak.  
You may be hearing  
But you are not listening  
To what I have to say.

I have learned from you  
A whole way of life  
And this is the way  
You want Me to be,  
But I bite the hand  
That feeds Me bread  
Because I want to change.

I want a change away from war,  
But you have taught Me war.  
I want to teach you the way of Peace,  
But who am I to teach my teacher?  
Teachers can learn too,  
But only if they will listen.

I find you here  
And you find Me there  
But do we ever find each other?  
Will we meet on the battlefield  
Or will we meet at death?  
God knows, I wish I knew.

Are we two passing ships at sea,  
And if so, how will we meet?  
By accident in the fog before the dawn  
Or in the daylight with colors flying?  
I hope not with sounds of cannon's roar  
And the screams of people dying.

I am a part of you  
And you are not apart from Me.  
I stand here,  
And you stand there  
But where we dwell  
Is for both you and me.

# The fishing trip

By Kathy Sheehy

The old man carried his heavy load of fishing rods, bait, and assorted afternoon snacks down the sidewalk to his car. He stopped for a moment to smell the fresh summer air and absorb the beauty of the mountains and wide open spaces around him. Today was going to be special. Today he was taking his grandson fishing at the lake where he himself used to go as a child nearly seventy years ago.

He picked up Benji at his house, and after a brief conversation with the child's mother, the two found themselves riding down the lane heading for the lake.

"So, Benji," the old man asked, "Do you think you're ready to rough it out in the woods for a whole day with your Grandpa?"

"Yes, sir," the child answered, not with much enthusiasm.

Ever since Benji had been born, his mother seemed to avoid the old man, and they were somehow growing farther apart with each passing day. The Grandfather was afraid he'd never be able to have the kind of relationship that he longed for with the child, and this fishing trip was to be an effort on his part to let Benji know who he was and for the two to get to know each other.

The car was pulled up near the water, and the two of them found what they thought to be a good spot to catch the biggest fish. Benji learned how to bait his own hook and cast his line far out into the glistening lake. His Grandfather felt proud. Benji seemed to demonstrate a natural skill not found in the average four year old. Yet as the afternoon wore on, the old man knew something was missing. It was as if there were an invisible barrier between himself and the child he yearned to know. His heart ached to break it, yet somehow he didn't know if he could. He was very far along in his years and doubted his ability to get through to someone still so young in knowledge.

"Benji," He said slowly.

"Sir?"

"Benji, Do you know who I am?"

The child looked up, a puzzled look on his face. "Sure I do. You're Grandpa. Mother said so."

"But do you know what that means?"

Now Benji looked even more unsure than before. He didn't know. In fact, he hadn't any idea that this man sitting next to him on the grass was even in some way related to him. "No, Sir," He answered.

This had been expected. "Well, Benji," came the reply,

"I am your mother's daddy."

The child shifted his position, and a look of worry spread over his face. The old man went on slowly and distinctly.

"You see, when your mommy was a little girl..."

"Momma was a little girl once?"

"Yes. All grown-ups were little once, just like you."

"I'm not little. I'm four, and that's big. Besides, I'm going to be a cowboy."

"I see, I see," The grandfather chuckled.

Benji smiled. "Tell me more, Grandpa."

He rested his arm around the boy's shoulders. "Like I was saying, when your mother was little I was her daddy. I still am, of course, but she got big and married your father and moved into the house you live in. Do you understand?"

The little boy looked up into the old man's eyes and a big grin spread across his tiny face. He had found a new friend. "I think so," he answered. "Tell me more about when you were mommy's daddy and she was little."

"Well you see that big rock over there?" The old man pointed to a spot on the bank a few hundred feet away.

"Your mother used to call that Elephant Rock. I brought her out here to fish when she was your age, and we used to sit on that rock and pretend and make up stories about the ocean."

"Can we sit on it, Grandpa?"

They did. Arm in arm for several hours the two of them sat on Elephant Rock as the old man joked and laughed and told the little boy a wide variety of stories and fantasies.

They arrived back home in time for the evening meal. Benji's mother answered the door and accepted her child back into the nest. Not a word was said to the old man, and he turned to go. As he was walking down the path to his car, he heard a voice behind him.

"Grandpa, wait!" It was Benji.

The old man stopped.

"Mom," The voice continued, "Grandpa's real nice and he tells great stories!"

He turned around.

"And he told me all about Elephant Rock, and we sat on it, and I was the pirate and he was the sea captain!"

He walked back to the door.

"And can he stay for dinner?"

He was led into the house by his two new friends.



Musical Squirrel



*By Linda Berth*

*Pencil*

*Drawing I*

*Soph, Art Major*

*Anniston, AL*



*By Charles Orlofsky*

*Pencil*

*Drawing I*

*Art Major*

*Freshman*

*Shenandoah, Penn.*

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